

# The BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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APRIL 8, 1923

## Betty the Brave

BY GRACE DOWNEY TINKHAM

"If Betty weren't such a silly little coward," lamented Ray Newton, Betty's big, twenty-year-old brother, "I'd not feel so fussy about leaving her! But she's the most scared kid I ever knew! Afraid of her shadow! When a girl's twelve years old," he went on impatiently to himself, "she ought to have more grit than Betty has. Shouldn't be afraid to stay alone, go out in the dark, and the like—that stuff is babyish!"

Of course, very often Ray had told all this to Betty; over and over he had tried to shame her out of her timidity, but it was useless. The more he talked to her about it, the worse she grew; and finally he decided to make the best of her failing and protect her from every occasion to fear as well as he could.

So, "I've arranged to have Milly Browning come over and stay with you nights while I'm on my vacation with the Forest and Stream Club," he told Betty a few days before the time for him to leave. "Milly is sixteen and not afraid of anything on earth; she'll be good company for you, Betty."

Betty flushed a little; Ray's words hurt. But she replied in her usual cheery tones that she would enjoy Milly immensely, and for him not to waste one moment of worry on her, for she should certainly get along all right.

"You plan to take your new radio sending set, don't you, Ray?" she asked after a while. "Perhaps you can broadcast a message to me from away up there—wouldn't that be fun?"

"That's exactly what I'll do," Ray readily promised. "I'll send you a message every day or so. They'll come in at night after the concert has finished—so don't get sleepy too early and run off to bed."

Then came the evening of Ray's departure on his three-week vacation trip. From the steps of the small cottage in which she and her brother lived, Betty waved goodbye until he was out of sight.

For quite a time she stood there and gazed off across the wide expanse of gloomy, soggy land that lay between her and the nearest neighbors. To the north, towering above the city, she could dimly see Twilliger Hill and Colonel Pepperpod's large, comfortable house; to the south, this wide sweep of pitch-black land, and far in the distance the old brick residence belonging to Milly's family.

"It wouldn't be so shivery—and dangerous—if we had a telephone," mused Betty. "If anything happened I could

tried so hard to overcome it; had fought and fought—but failed! Even now she started and cried out when a step sounded back of her and large Milly bounded suddenly to the little porch and threw her arms about her.

"You little scare-cat!" she laughed. "What you afraid of?" Then playfully she drew Betty into the house where she continued when her eyes fell on the new radio set Ray had made: "My, how glad I am to be visiting Betty Newton! Maybe you think I'm not going to enjoy the musical programs by radio! . . . Wish David would get up enough ambition to make a receiving set—you're in luck, Betty!"

And with that Milly plumped her large self down on the lounge in the little living room and adjusted the receivers of the radio set over her mop of auburn hair.

"Just a buzzing sound—and a lot of queer noises, some long, some short," she informed.

"That's code," answered Betty. "If we knew what all the dots and dashes meant we could read it."

This, however, did not appear to greatly interest Milly. She removed the headset, and remarked that she would prefer to wait for the concert which would be sent out from the city's big sending station that evening.

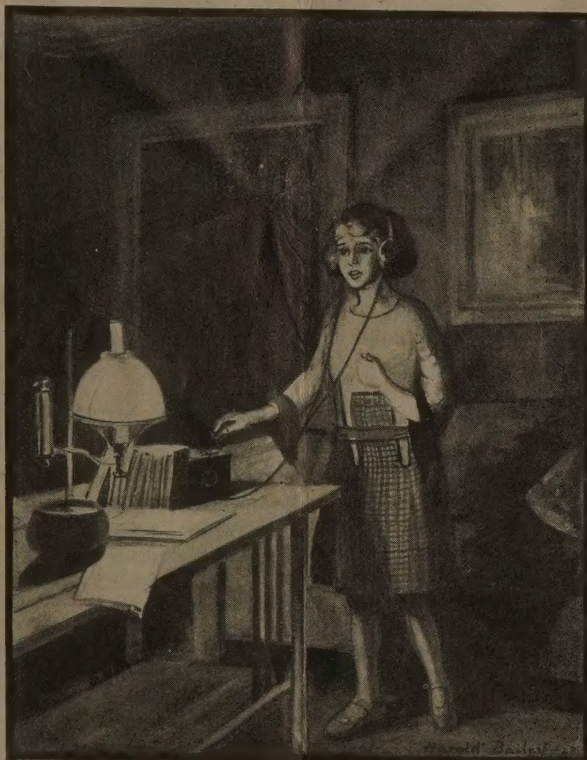
"That doesn't begin until nine-thirty," said she, "and it's only seven now, so let's do something about the house that has to be done—got any cleaning, mending, washing, or anything?"

"I have preserving," said Betty. "A crate of berries to

do up."

"Fine!" vigorously declared Milly, getting up and stalking kitchenward. "Lead me to them! Bring on your fruit and preserving outfit—we'll train these raw berries into the most refined jam one could wish, fit to appear in any company!"

Laughing and joking, they set to work on the berries, which soon were in the kettle; but it was not until almost nine o'clock that the jars were properly sealed and placed on a shelf in the cupboard.



"BETTY NEWTON," IT CAME, BLURRED AND NOISY.  
"DEPENDING ON YOU. GET US HELP."

Drawing by Harold Bailey

call up someone; but expenses had to be cut down; having the telephone taken out seemed a way. . . . Anyhow," she ended with an attempt at bravery, "Milly will be along soon now—and Milly is not afraid of the dark, or being alone, or queer noises. Milly is not afraid of anything on earth—oh, how I wish I weren't either! What wouldn't I give to be brave—brave—brave!"

Only Betty herself knew the humiliation of being a coward. And she had



Then the girls realized that they were tired and warm.

"Whew!" whistled Milly, fanning herself with a newspaper as she seated herself in the living room. "This is what I call heat! We've had weather like this for over a month now—not a drop of rain. I heard dad say this morning that the forest fires were getting terrible."

Instantly a look of anxiety came into Betty's face.

"I wonder if Ray and David are near them," she questioned fearfully, "or if the fire would be apt to reach their camp?"

"Oh, there's no danger," reassured Milly. "There are plenty of fire fighters; they keep them in control."

But that night after they had listened in on the radio concert and gone to bed, Betty lay awake for a long time thinking about the boys in camp and the forest fires raging on the mountainsides.

A week passed. Betty had had no word from Ray.

"Perhaps his sending-set doesn't work just right," Milly attempted to comfort, adding gaily: "We haven't heard from David, either, but we think nothing of it—a boy's memory is only half the length of his nose. I suppose they're having such a good time they've forgotten all about us."

Certainly Milly was a consoling person; she was always cheerful and calm. In her company it was easy for Betty to feel peaceful and confident, Milly flicked worries and fears aside as she would a speck of dust.

"But I really haven't grown any braver," Betty told herself dismally. "If Milly shouldn't appear some night, I suppose I'd be the same big coward I've always been! . . . I wonder if I would—I wonder if I really would!"

Betty had a chance to find out. That night came; Milly did not put in an appearance; neither did she send word. Of course, Betty's not having a telephone prevented a message coming in that way; and Betty could easily imagine a case of sickness in Milly's family which would prevent sending a message by any other means. A few days back, Milly had mentioned that her mother was not feeling just right; doubtless it was she, and Milly and her father had not been able to leave her.

"Well, I'll just have to be sensible and make the best of it," thought Betty trying to assume some of Milly's coolness. "Nothing is going to come in and carry me off! I'll just listen to the radio concert, and then go to bed."

The concert over, Betty started to remove the headset, but her small hands stopped in mid-air and she sat up straight, every nerve tense. Words were pouring into her ears; a strange, stumbling message that was hard to make out, but she knew Ray's voice.

"Betty Newton," it came blurred and noisy. "Betty Newton, Forest and Stream

camp in danger. Fires all around have cut off our escape. Sending-set damaged; can't send again until fixed. Depending on you. Get us help!"

The words stopped with a jumble of sound, and Betty jerked the headpiece from her brown curls and sprang to the center of the floor.

"They're in danger! They're depending on me!" she cried aloud. "I've got to get help to them!"

For the moment Betty had forgotten herself; she thought only of the safety of others. Swiftly she ran to the front door and plunged out into the darkness—then she remembered, and her fear swooped back with added force. Midnight! For blocks around not a single light gleamed. That black space of land between her house and Milly's made her shudder; the other way, there was the steep climb to Twilliger Hill through a small grove of trees—but Colonel Pepperpod was the one to appeal to; he would know what to do; he never failed anyone! But could she—could she! Everything was so black and still and—fearful!

"They're depending on me!" she flung at herself fiercely. "They're depending on me!"

With hands clenched and lips tight, Betty sped through the night. On and on she ran, her flying feet barely touching the earth; her heart pounding against her ribs; her breath coming in short painful gasps. But at last, the big house on Twilliger Hill loomed ahead, and Betty stumbled up the stairs and rapped loudly on the front door.

Quickly it opened, and the little colonel drew Betty into the wide, brightly lighted hall, where she swiftly poured out her story.

"You have two machines, sir," she finished breathlessly, "and Trix, Jimmy, Ned, Matteo, and Ivan to go along and fight the fire."

"There'll be more than that to help fight," reassured the colonel, as he hastened up the stairs to waken the others. "We'll gather a crowd on the way, and reach that burning section in short order—then leave it to us to cut wide slashings and put an end to its progress!"

A few minutes later, Aunt Plumey, the colonel's sister, and Betty watched them off.

"Don't you worry about Ray," little Jimmy whispered to Betty before he jumped into the machine. Then as they sped down the drive, he leaned out and shouted back, "He'll be so swelled up that even a fire couldn't touch him when we tell him how brave you were!"

How brave she was! How brave she was! For the first time in her life Betty heard the words she had longed to hear more than anything in the world! Oh, they were wonderful! Never again could she stoop to being afraid!

And two nights later, slim little Betty received more glory. She sat alone in her small living room. Milly's company

had been purposely dispensed with. In the first place, Milly's mother needed her; in the second, Betty determined to hold fast to this new-born courage of hers and be worthy of it. Now there came to her over the radio a message which she prized all the rest of her life. It was not Ray transmitting; just think, it was the president of their Club!

"Betty Newton," his voice reached her, clear and strong, "Betty Newton, Ray Newton's little sister. The Forest and Stream boys want to send you their heartfelt thanks for your prompt action and grit in getting help to them a few nights ago. They wish further to show their appreciation and gratitude by electing you an honorary member of their Club, and conferring upon you a title by which you shall be known to them hereafter. Betty Newton, from now on to the boys of the Forest and Stream Club, you are, Betty the Brave—Betty the Brave!"

### The Ha'-cut Man

BY HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

"**F**ust of April, I do declare!  
No mistakin' thet ol', white mare!  
Dan, fetch Betty, an' Bill, tell Ned  
To set the high-chair out in the shed.  
Here's an ap'un; we'll save them curls  
To make a pillow for one of the girls!"  
Rattle of wheels; a brisk "Whoa, Nan!"  
And in at the door comes the Ha'-cut Man.

Long white beard, and a crinkly mouth;  
Cheeks like suns in an August drouth;  
Eyes that twinkle 'neath bushy brows  
Through his gold-bowed specs, as he  
drolly "lows

Ef I'd waited *much* longer, they  
'D look like ponies I see one day!"  
Ties the apron on tow-head Dan  
Who listens, rapt, to the Ha'-cut Man.

Tales of fairies or "Injun" raids  
Thrill each child, as the shining blades  
Snip the locks from each shaggy head,  
Black or flaxen or carrot-red.  
Quaint tales, told with a master's charm  
To the eager kiddies at every farm,  
Who worship as only children can  
That kindly artist, the Ha'-cut Man.

So he spins, as the bright shears fly,  
Yarns of elves or of "Eagle-Eye";  
Then—"The lambs are all shorn", says  
he;

Wipes his scissors, collects his fee,  
Kisses Betty, shakes hands with Bill,  
And is gone—for three long months—over  
the hill;

Sprightly at eighty as when he began  
His quaint career as the Ha'-cut Man.

Blond (putting up pictures)—"I can't  
find a single pin. Where do they all go  
to anyway?"

Matty—"It's hard to tell because  
they're pointed in one direction and  
they're headed in another.—*Lehigh Burr.*



## Aunt Flora's Flower Chats The Shadbush

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR

**A**FTER Aunt Flora turned into the river-road, Bobby began to see a certain slender small tree that waved white tassel-blossoms from the tips of its twigs.

"It is the Shadbush this time of the year," his young aunt told him. "In the summer it will be the June-Berry. Want to collect a branch or two?"

"Yes,—June-Berry sounds interesting."

"One thing sure," piped up Bessie, "the flowers are out before the tree gets any leaves,—worth speaking of," she added, as upon second glance she saw leaf-points just breaking from their brown winter jackets to give a touch of fresh April green to the dangling white flowers. But Shadbush? I thought the shad was a fish?"

"I see I'll have to tell you a bit about the fish," laughed Aunt Flora.

So when Bobby came back to the auto with the sprays he had gathered, Bessie began explaining:

"Bobby, it's the Shadbush because there's a fish called shad that lives in the Atlantic Ocean. It migrates, too, like birds."

"I should think the hunters would get them all," joked Bobby.

"Oh, they migrate through the water, silly. They come back north just about apple-blossom time, so they call this the Shadbush because it is in bloom, too."

"Well, well, what do you know about that?" exclaimed Bobby, making big round eyes of surprise in that grown-up way he had of speaking at times. "What I can't understand, though—how do these bushes know the shad has arrived?"

"Spring tells them, maybe. They are real pretty, aren't they,—so long and fringy?"

"The shadbushes flutter their dainty white dresses

Like spring maidens climbing the hills," quoted Aunt Flora. "There is something lively and merry about them."

"The stems are reddish, so are the leaves of the calyx," Bobby pointed out, proud to remember the name given to the leaf-like parts that wrap a bud before it opens, and after that lie back of the petals like a little seat for the flower to sit upon.

"They help make it more showy than just green," nodded Bessie. "And looky, the little new leaves look kinda reddish, too."

"Would you guess that Shadbush belongs to the Apple family," asked Aunt Flora.

"We-ell, it doesn't look so very apple-ish, now," admitted Bessie.

"Mainly because the petals are so much longer and narrower than those of the true apple. When we get home we can compare the two, see how they are alike and how different."



"THERE IS SOMETHING LIVELY  
AND MERRY ABOUT THEM."

Photograph by  
J. Horace McFarland Co.

Along in June the children discovered the tree again, this time as the June Berry. A spray of the fruit was very gay, for there would be light-red, bright-red, and purple-red apples all swinging on a branch together. The darkest apples were the sweetest and mealiest.

"It tastes about as much like an apple as anything else," decided Bobby, munching the purple tidbits.

"And looks as much like one, too. See the five stiff pricker-points on the bud end, just as on an apple,—only bigger in the June-Berry," Bessie added.

For Grandfather Darling's sake,—and for their own as well,—the children gathered a pail full of the fruit one day. And how they smacked their lips over Grandmother's June-Berry pie, which they ate with rich Jersey-cow cream!

"We had another name for them, I remember," said Grandfather, "the useful-sounding one of Service-Berry."

"Yes, and I am certain the Pilgrim mothers found good use for the fruit," said Grandmother, "if the Pilgrim fathers liked pie as well as menfolks nowadays."

"I've read that the Indians used to gather great quantities of June-Berries," remembered Aunt Flora. "They would dry the fruit by crushing and pounding it, then moulding the paste into little cakes to be eaten during the winter. Another way of having dried apples, you see."

"For pies?"

"Of course not, Bobby. They couldn't make pie-crust without flour," Bessie reminded her brother.

"Oh, well, they could get along with their June-Berry cakes,—only I'm sure Grandmother's pie is lots better."

## A Rose Colored Monday

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD

**O**N Monday, when they take their baths,

My clothes go out to play.

Dear Bridgie strings a line for them  
And there they swing all day.

Sometimes they just switch back and forth,

Sometimes they whirl and prance,  
Sometimes they all turn somersaults,  
And flap their arms and prance.

They do just have the nicest time!

All day out in the sun,  
With birds and bees and butterflies—  
Oh, Mondays must be fun!

I wish that Mother'd treat me so!

I'm sure I'd never cry  
When bath-time comes, if I could just  
Be hung out doors to dry!

## Crammed—Stuffed

BY ELLEN O. LLORAS

**"I** CAN'T go anywhere tonight or tomorrow night," declared Nona.

"We're going to have an examination in history Wednesday, and I surely will have to cram. Why, I haven't even read over some of the work we've covered."

"You won't have it very well covered, doing it that way, will you?" objected Cousin Ethel. "You'll just have a mind temporarily crammed full of bare history facts."

"Oh, I think it's all right," insisted Nona. "I can read hard these two nights and remember enough of it to take me through the examination."

"Yes, I'm sure you can," conceded Cousin Ethel; "but it doesn't seem to me quite fair to do it that way. You can't possibly assimilate it as you should in that short time."

"Come here, both of you," called Mother from the kitchen just then; "I want to show you something."

Nona and Cousin Ethel promptly answered the call, finding Mrs. Elliott with three plump, dressed turkeys before her.

"Those are lovely birds," commented Cousin Ethel.

"Yes, I bought them for the dinner the ladies are going to serve," answered Mrs. Elliott; "and just look at the 'lovely' pile of corn I got out of their crops. It actually weighs well over two pounds! That man stuffed these turkeys when he brought them in to sell."

"Isn't that a shame!" Nona was most indignant.

"To think that anybody would be as dishonest as that. Filling them with corn that way to make them weigh more!"

"Well, it took them through examination time," remarked Cousin Ethel.

"Examination—why, what—well, I guess it would be about the same thing," admitted Nona.





## THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

53 GOLD ST., JOHANNESBURG,  
SOUTH AFRICA.

Dear Miss Buck: I receive *The Beacon* every mail from my Aunt in Dundee, Scotland, and I would like very much to become a member of The Beacon Club and wear the button.

We have over thirty-six boys and girls, all over fourteen years of age in our Bible Class. I go to the Congregational Church here. Our minister's name is Mr. Stanley; he is also our Sunday School teacher. I am in the church choir. Our Church had last year about fifty members, now there are one hundred and twenty.

Before I came to South Africa I attended Mr. Williamson's Unitarian Sunday School in Dundee, Scotland.

I am fifteen years of age, and I enjoy reading *The Beacon* very much indeed.

Yours sincerely,

DOROTHY DAND.

93 SOUTH MAIN ST.,  
ATHOL, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck: My name is Juna Chase. I go to the First Unitarian Church of Athol. There are three pupils in my class and a new girl who has recently joined our class and is in our class when she comes. I am eleven years old and in the seventh grade at school. At our Sunday school there is a cardboard with a picture of a mountain on it and the classes with full attendance every Sunday get a flag to go on the mountain. I go every Sunday to Sunday school so that we can go up the mountain. On the first Sunday in April the one that has been there the most can put a big gold star on the top of the mountain. We go to church, then to Sunday school, and in the even-

ing we go to a meeting that is called the Y. P. R. U. The book that we have to study in Sunday school is called "The Bible and the Bible Country." I would like to receive a letter from someone that belongs to the Beacon Club.

With love,

JUNA CHASE.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

Dear Miss Buck: Teacher thought that you would be glad to hear from the youngest class in our church school. There are eight of us promoted from the Kindergarten and we are all learning to Live Together. We like the work that we have to do each Sunday and the stories in the course.

Several times this season we have been Banner Class; that means having a full attendance of every pupil; and the twins, Lorraine and Lyndon Dullege, who come from away out in the country, have a perfect attendance since our opening in September. The rest of us have had colds and things that kept us away sometimes.

We are getting ready for our festival which will be soon now.

With love to you from us all,

CATHERINE JUDAH, DICKY BALL, PHYLLIS STUART,  
LORRAINE DULLEGE, FRANCES EDINGTON, LYNDON  
DULLEGE, MAY CROCKETT, EILEEN MANSON, CECILY  
JACK.

IRENE HYDE CLARKE, Teacher.

34 IVY STREET,  
BOSTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck: I am ten years old and go to the Second Church School in Boston. There are eight in our class and Miss Pfeleghaar is our teacher. Rev. E. R. Shippin is our minister. I am in the fifth grade at school. I have been to this Sunday school for five years. I enjoy *The Beacon* very much. I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button.

Yours truly,

MARJORIE A. TARBELL.

### Church School News

**B**REWSTER, Mass., church school is receiving new members each Sunday. "It is good," says the report, "to see the interest expressed among the children in their school." There has been a remarkable growth and awakening of interest and ideals during the past three months.

The Independent Protestant Church of Columbus, Ohio, Rev. J. F. Meyer, minister, issues a good-sized four-page monthly called "The Church News." The January issue of this paper gives a very attractive brief statement of the faith of the members of this church, with a welcome into its fellowship of any who are in sympathy with its principles and who cherish similar ideals.

Unity Church School, St. Louis, Mo., takes, during Easter of each year, a special offering to the church. For this purpose a special container like a small barrel or box is distributed to each child for its offering. The school is growing and interest in its work increases.

From Portland, Ore., comes this excellent report of the church school sent by Janet Stuart Wentworth:

Several of the classes in the Sunday school of the Church of Our Father have been much interested in helping and entertaining the sick children at the children's ward in one of the big hospitals

here. Few of them have good homes and already one of the older girls' classes have made eighteen garments for them.

At Thanksgiving time my class gave a good dinner to a family of poor people. We became acquainted with them through one of the boys of the family who has been in the hospital for a long time and is not expected to live.

On Christmas Sunday, the pupils of the Sunday school march into the church singing carols. The members of the Young People's Fraternity decorate the church beautifully with holly and garlands of evergreens. Many of the oldest pupils are members of this organization and those a little younger are all members of the Lend-a-Hand Society.

The boys and girls who decorated the church also sang carols on Christmas Eve in front of the homes in which lighted candles stood at the windows. Then, too, they sang for the patients at the two large hospitals here.

Another important event of the Sunday school is the Christmas party, which is held every year, a few days after Christmas. There are games and refreshments and, above all, several beautiful tableaux with scenes from the Bible. We always have a good time and there is sure to be a good attendance.

At the Christmas pageant given by the Unitarian church school of Louisville, Ky., a congregation numbering from 250 to 300 was present. All these took part in the candle lighting service which dismissed the congregation. The pageant was given in a very reverent spirit and was beautiful and impressive.

The calendar for January of the First Parish church in Brookline prints the names of the officers of this school and of all the teachers. There are ten classes, three of which are boys' classes having men teachers.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA LII.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 14, 17, 18, 15, are to walk on.

My 10, 11, 6, is a metal.

My 15, 4, 1, is a boy's name.

My 2, 13, 5, is a pronoun.

My 12, 11, 8, is the title of a knight.

My 3, 4, 7, is a small bed.

My 9, 17, 7, is an adverb.

My 10, 16, 18, is placed before nouns.

My 10, 17, 18, 7, 16, are in the mouth.

My 8, 18, 6, 7, is to hire.

My 14, 11, 10, is to be suitable.

My 14, 4, 13, 15, is part of the body.

My whole is a patriotic song.

DARWINA BEARDSLEY AND ELEANOR FOOTE.

### ENIGMA LIII.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, is a deep hole.

My 2, 6, is conditional.

My 6, 2, 8, 9, 10, is a large lot of land.

My 5, 9, 8, 10, is for winter sport.

My 4, 2, 1, is a fee.

My whole is a city in Massachusetts.

ELIZABETH MOSES.

### TWISTED FLOWERS

1. Prethctuu.

2. Hummchaseyrtn.

3. Optolecir

4. Ttumunsari.

5. Kslrsrpu.

6. Igetetnmno.

7. Lylhoskoch.

8. Dlgimaor.

9. Prsognanda.

10. Srwfenuol.

MARY WOOD.

### PRINTER'S PI

Mort shemec dan redet hek hiltg sego tuo,

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Teh bedless tamers onen nac tubdo,

Deerveal ni hoyl viles.

E. A. C.

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Beginning at the upper left corner, proceed diagonally down to find one of Jacob's sons.

1. A bird. 2. A month. 3. A number. 4. Plans.

5. One of the United States. 6. Taken for granted.

7. A flower. 8. One of our Presidents.

Boyland.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 26.

ENIGMA XLVIII.—Evolution.

ENIGMA XLIX.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE ORPHAN.—AMASA HAS A MA.

FAMILIAR AUTHORS IN ANAGRAM.—1. Emerson,

2. Whittier. 3. Wordsworth. 4. Bacon. 5.

Shakespeare. 6. Lamb. 7. Hawthorne. 8. Ad-

dison. 9. Longfellow. 10. Lowell.

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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